



It is high time to fulfil my aims from the youth!

15th September 1942, Monday

From Grandma Aniela's diary

* MOJE MIEJSCE NA ZIEMI * AUTORZY: Sylwia Laszkowska, Aleksandra Nowosadko, Laura Bielawska,
Magda Gałaszewska * NAUCZYCIEL: Anna Paczkowska

Dear diary!

What a day. I have just come back from school... no, I didn't become a teacher. Just like every Sunday also yesterday there was an uproarious dance. There was a fire brigade orchestra, delicious snacks and dances until the morning. I am very glad that our village has a place where you can have fun at least once a week. What would we do on Saturday evenings if we couldn't meet there?...

Today is Monday. We have a lot to do. Here in our Płociczno. Let's start from the laundry. My mum, sisters and I will gather on the river and start the washing. Mum is planning to buy new, metal tary*. The old ones are no more in use. Everyone will have their own!

There is always a lot to talk about when we sit at Czarna Hańcza river and wash the clothes of our family members! In the evening we expect Mrs Gwiazdowska to come to us with her daughter. We and Hania will tear pens* for the pillows while our mums will work on Kołowrotki*. I wonder what an interesting story will Aunt Basia tell us this time. Last time she told us a legend about our village Płociczno. We all like her stories a lot. I have learned many things about the world...

How it all will look like in the future... When I will have my own children and grandchildren I want to live in Płociczno, I want to stay here! I am very curious about the famous, local dances. Will they still be present in our lives? Will we still meet on the river for the laundry and talk with each other? Or maybe the fire brigade orchestra will still make us pleasure by its play? And what about this willow lane? Will I be still walking among these trees as an old woman?

I don't want anything to change here. And if it is unavoidable, I will try to impress my love to old customs and traditions to my grandchildren... I promise...



From Grandma Aniela's diary



* **Tary** – a simple appliances which was used to wash clothes

* **Tear pens** – a popular activity among countrywomen which was plucking

* **Kołowrotki** – a machines which was used to weave





From Grandma Aniela's diary

“ May, 1945,
Józek brought
three new oil lamps...”



I decided to show my grandchildren a lot of new ideas how to spend their free time. I realized that to have a good time you have to use a variety of modern equipment. Despite of the fact that I haven't got a computer or MP3 player, I managed to spend another summer day cheerfully.

Magda, Ola, Laura and Sylvia always asked me if I wasn't bored with the monotonous life in the countryside. They were very happy when I told them that we were going to travel to the times of my youth. Thanks to this they would be able to answer this question.

I took the girls to the attic. We sat comfortably on the sofa that was brought by Aunt Basia. I started to read the record which was written more than sixty years ago...

Young women were so impressed by what they heard that they took the old tools out of the cupboards and tried to use them.

Maglownica* which was held by Laura was used to iron the sheets in the past. And the iron, which Ola is just looking at remembers the First World War. I explained my granddaughters how long it took the coal to be hot enough to iron anything. I still remember how patient we all had to be.

And what about this white reel? – Sylvia asked. – It is from the washing machine! We were the first ones to buy FRANIA* washing-machine.

Magda was interested by the oil lamp the most. She asked me with a great disbelief if I had to do my homework in such a bad light. Maybe it was inconvenient but thanks to this we spent a lot of time with the whole family at the table.

We were looking back on the past for a long time until I was very sorry that nobody remembers it any more. The old traditions, customs, dishes... It is so sad that nobody remembers the taste of freshly baked bread. Aunt Marysia made the best soup – rozczyzna*. You can't forget the smell which was present in the whole house. It is all going to the past...



* **Frania** – the make of a washing-machine which functioned thanks to human's muscles

* **rozczyzna** – a soup made from water and bread flour



From Grandma Aniela's diary

„There wasn't any prosperity and yet people stayed together and supported each other”

The dances in fire station, meeting in the café, national marches, stories during plucking. How busy Płociczno was in the past! The faces of my girls showed a great astonishment while I was reading. It was a shame that the old willows were already cut down. I remember the evening walks with grandfather Józef along the lane. It was the place where we first met. I wish I could hear the hum of the old willows. They were so beautiful and romantic....



From Grandma Aniela's diary



The next summer day I decided to show my girls Płociczno. I took them to Narrow Gauge Railway station and I familiarized them with its history. They learned that it was used to transport the timber for long distances. Later it was concerned one of the longest-working in Poland.

Today, when it is used as a touristic attraction, people are forgetting about its past. The only place to remind its history is The Museum of Narrow Gauge Railway in Płociczno. It is the place where the technical control used to have place.

Yet it is not the only interesting historical place in. In the village there are a lot more incredible places which nobody remembers about any more. For example, there is a restaurant near my house. It was full of life in the past. Everybody came there. Now it is considered to be an average place just like many others. Nevertheless, it is special – it has a colorful, extraordinary past.





From Grandma Aniela's diary



The girls noticed that people don't have time to pay attention on the passing time any more. So many of us died or left their homes. Also our local tradition and customs have disappeared and are still dying away. Only a little sorrow left when I look back on the past. There wasn't any prosperity and yet people stayed together and supported each other. Life of the villages has changed, but has it changed for better?



MOJE MIEJSCE NA ZIEMI * From Grandma Aniela's diary *AUTHORS: Sylwia Laszkowska , Aleksandra Nowosadko, Laura Bielawska, Magda Gałaszewska * TEACHER: Anna Paczkowska

Gimnazjum im. Lotników Polskich w Płocicznie - Tartak, 16 - 402 Suwałki